

Over the Border

By ...
ROBERT BARR.

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Author of "Jennie Baxter,"
Journalist, etc.

The first thing that struck her on entering the great painted chamber was that the nobleman on the stone outside had not spoken the truth when he said the king heard the demands of his people. A growl as of an angry lion penetrated the closed windows, but the words spoken were not to be distinguished.

The king was sitting at a massive table, his head in his hands. Behind him were grouped a number of bishops in their robes, and it certainly seemed that his majesty was engaged in devotional exercises, as had been stated by the orator. But if this were the case they were of a strangely mixed order, for behind the lady who was talking volubly to the king stood two Capuchin monks with folded arms. Excepting the bishops none of the English nobility were present, but several Frenchmen, among whom she recognized De Courcy, held aloof from the cluster at the table, so the girl quite correctly surmised that the lady bearing the whole burden of the conversation was no other than the queen herself, and that these foreigners were members of her train.

Her majesty spoke sometimes in French, sometimes in English, the latter with broken accent, and her eloquence was rather puzzling to follow, for the flow of her conversation was of extreme rapidity. Palpably she supposed herself talking in English, but whenever she came to a difficulty in the choice of a word she made no attempt to surmount it by any effort of thought, but swam swiftly round it on the easy current of her native tongue. Translated, her discourse ran thus:

"These good men have made it perfectly plain; for, as they say—and who shall question the dictum of the church in such matters—you have two consciences, the conscience of the prince and the conscience of the man; and where the consciences come into conflict that of the prince must of necessity rule, as is the axiom in all civilized courts. Is it right that you, a king, should jeopardize yourself in a useless effort to save one condemned by his peers, because your private conscience as a man urges you to keep a promise which he himself has relieved you from, holding you guiltless before God and the nation, and further advised by these good men, lords of their church, that such action would not make toward peace of the realm. It is not a subject to be hesitated upon for a moment, the good of the ruler being paramount always."

"Oh, my lord, the king, listen not to such sophistry, be it from the lips of priest or woman! The given word is the man, and he stands or falls by it. If the forewarned peasant be a cringing craven, ten thousand times worse is the perjured prince. You pledged your faith to Lord Strafford, and now in his just heaven God demands the fulfillment of your word."

The disheveled girl had flung herself at the feet of the frightened monarch, who started back, gazing wildly about him, shaking as one struck with palsy, so startling and unexpected had been the interruption. Red anger flushed the face of the no less amazed queen, speechless with indignation at the words and the tone of them addressed to her exalted husband. The sage bishops were astounded at the lack of diplomacy on the part of the petitioner who had thus rudely thrown herself counter to the expressed wishes of the highest lady in the land, but Frances, with an instant intuition more subtle than theirs, saw that the queen was an enemy not to be enjoyed by deference or flattery, so she determined that the war between them should be open and aboveboard.

The king had reason for agitation greater than the surprise that had made breathing statues of those about him. The accents that disturbed him were the accents of Strafford himself, softened as they were by the lips that uttered them. The boldness of the address was Strafford's, and until he saw that a woman knelt before him it almost seemed that the dominant spirit of the prisoner had burst the bonds of the Tower and sped thither to reproach him for meditated treachery.

Frances, gathering breath, took advantage of the silence her sudden advent had caused.

"Why is Lord Strafford in a dungeon today? Because, trusting your word, he obeyed your command at Hampton. Why was he put on trial? Because faithfully he carried out his king's behests. Why was he condemned to death? Because he stood true to the king. If he deserve death, then so do you, for you are the master and he the servant. Has God stricken you and your counselors with blindness that you cannot see in the destruction of Strafford the throwing away of the shield which guards your breast, leaving you naked to your enemies? Surrender bastion, and the castle falls."

"Heavens!" cried the quivering queen. "What country of the mad is this, where the meanness of subjects may so address a monarch! Strip the mantle from her back and scourge her rebellious flesh to the kernel whence she comes."

"No, no!" gasped Charles, staggering to his feet and sweeping with a gesture of his hand the documents which lay before him on the table, so that they fluttered to the floor. "She speaks the truth; happy is the prince who hears it and heeds it. I have passed my word to Strafford, and it shall be kept. I will not sign—no, though the heavens fall. Rise, my girl! You have my promise—the promise of a Stuart—and it shall be fulfilled."

Charles graciously assisted the girl to her feet with the same courtesy he would have shown to the first lady of the court.

The rage of the queen now passed all bounds of restraint. "And this before me, your wife! You weigh the word of this bedraggled creature of the streets above that of the royal house of France and queen of this turbulent realm. You deserve to be hooted by your loathsome mob. Who is this woman?"

De Courcy whispered a word into her ear.

"What! The daughter of that profligate Strafford! To what a pass this Christian court has come!"

"'Tis true, 'tis true," murmured Charles, visibly quailing before the increasing wrath of his wife, adding in piteous appeal, "Have I not enough to bear without the quarreling of women?"

"The quarreling of women! Dare you couple me in the same breath with such as she? Is there none in my train to whip forth this impudent wench into the wretched rabble that has cast her into our presence. The quarreling of women! A slattern that wishes to divert from her reputed father's head to yours, the anger of the gutter. Listen to it, my lord. Listen to it."

All this was shrieked forth with gestures so rapid and amazing that the eye could scarce follow the motion of her hands. Now she flew to the window and fumbled with its fastening, too greatly excited to succeed with the opening. Several of the French gentlemen stumbled over each other in their haste to aid her, but the lady's impatience could not wait for them. She lifted her clenched hand and smote the diamond panes, which went shivering down beneath the fierce impact of the blow. Glass or lead or both cut the imperious hand and wrist, and the blood trickled down the fair rounded arm. The breach she made was like the letting in of waters, the roar outside became instantly articulate, and waves of meaning flooded the great apartment.

"To the block with Strafford. Death to the people's oppressor!" was the cry, and the tortured king shrank from it as from the lash of a whip.

"Hearken to the wolves!" shrieked the queen. "It is your blood or Strafford's! Which, which, which?"

Then, perhaps because of the hurt which she scarcely seemed to feel, her mood changed as quickly as her anger had risen, and she melted into tears, gilded to her husband and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Charles, Charles," she moaned, "it is my love for you that would coerce you. You have not been to blame, misled by an obstinate minister who would sacrifice an indulgent master to buy his own safety. A king is not to be bound as other men. The claim of your wife and children rises superior to that of any subject, for you have sworn to protect them."

Charles stood by the wall which was eight years later to be broken for his own final exit, his eyes filled with tears, caressing the woman who clung to his breast. He saw that the girl was about to address him again and said hastily:

"Go, go! You but pile distraction on distraction. Fear not; for the word of a king goes with you."

"No, no!" sobbed the queen. "For my sake withdraw it."

Two of the bishops now stepped forward and with gentle urgency used their persuasion on the girl to withdraw. "God keep your majesty firm," she cried, "and so deal with you as you deal with my father."

But the last sight she was to have of her ruler, as the good men pushed her to the door, was far from inspiring. His cheeks were womanishly wet, and wavering irresolution was stamped upon his brow. The twining wounded arm of his wife had reddened the white scarf at his throat with the royal, passionate blood of France.

(To Be Continued.)

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ALSO A POSITIVE CURE FOR

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AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH

KEEP NO SUBSTITUTES. For Sale at all Druggists. 10c and 25c per Box.

CHRONIC SORES

Wheeling, W. Va., May 25, 1903.

Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my shins. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were healed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated, nor have the sores ever broke out again. Some 12 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred. Having been so signally benefited by its use I can heartily recommend it as the one great blood purifier.

JOHN W. FUNDIS.

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Chronic sores start often from a pimple, scratch, bruise or boil, and while salves, washes and powders are beneficial, the unhealthy matter in the blood must be driven out or the sore will continue to eat and spread. S. S. S. reaches these old sores through the blood, removes all impurities and poisons, builds up the entire system and strengthens the circulation. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic combined. Contains

no mineral whatever but is guaranteed purely vegetable. If you have an old sore write us and our physicians will advise without charge. Book on diseases of the Blood free.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

License Notice.

All city license must be paid by February 1 1905 or will be subject to 10 per cent additional penalty. Take warning before it is too late and pay the city treasurer.

ED CLARK, Inspector.

Cairo's City Election.

The city election in Cairo falls on April 18 this year. The officers to be filled are mayor, city attorney, city clerk, city treasurer and seven aldermen.

Convulsion, Fits, then Epilepsy.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has been so successful in curing these brain-wrecking diseases that there is every reason to believe that even the most hopeless cases can be benefited, if not fully restored. We will be pleased to refer any one thus afflicted to many who now enjoy the blessing of health, after years of hopeless suffering.

"I have a son that had brain fever when two years old, followed by fits of the worst type, and he was pronounced incurable. I spent hundreds of dollars for him, without relief. After about fifteen years he became so bad that we sent him to Longhill hospital for the insane, at Logansport, Ind. He was there nearly three years, but he continued to grow worse, so we brought him home July 30, 1902, in an awful condition. He had lost his mind almost entirely. He hardly knew one of the family; could not even find his bed; was a total wreck. He had from 5 to 10 fits a day. We were urged to try Dr. Miles' Nervine, and before the first bottle was used, we could see a change for the better. We have given it to him ever since, and he has had but two very light spells since last August, 1903, and then he was not well other ways. We pronounce him cured, as he can work and go anywhere. If any one wishes to ask any questions concerning this, they are at liberty to do so."

E. H. BUNNELL, Lincoln, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money.

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GIRLS AND MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation, or ulceration of mucous membranes. Painless, and not irritating or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.



YOUR LOSSES

Will not be quite so hard to bear if there is some financial compensation for the possessions destroyed by fire. A good

FIRE INSURANCE POLICY is a positive necessity to every man with a business or home. Small premiums and large re-imbursements are offered.

W. F. MINNICH, Fire, Life, Accident, Liability INSURANCE. Trueheart Building, Phone 199.

KENTUCKY BRIEFS.

The News is advocating a free library and reading room for Elizabethtown.

The saloons of Hodgenville closed their doors for good at 12 o'clock Saturday night, the result of the local option election held some months ago.

Elizabethtown is to have a new city hall building.

A. A. Holbrook, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has filed suit to foreclose a mortgage on the property of the Glasgow Water Supply Co., the grounds of foreclosure being that the defendant company is insolvent, and has defaulted in the payment of interest on its bonds for nearly four years, or since April, 1901.

An American eagle was killed near Nelsonville, by Jim Frank Atherton and Roscoe Goslin. It measured six feet six inches from tip to tip.

Dixon is to be a "dry" town for two years at least; local option having been voted there.

A petition is being signed in Bath county for an election in May to decide whether whiskey shall be sold.

In 1904 three times as many adults as children died in Lexington. The number of deaths of the former was 295, of the latter 96.

The first conviction in the Fifth judicial circuit under the new law making the theft of poultry a felony was at Henderson, where Ben Clay, a negro, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year for stealing four turkeys.

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D., of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm, which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

NEW TRAINMASTER.

Mr. J. G. Cannon Goes to the Clinton Division.

Announcement was made today of the appointment of J. G. Cannon as trainmaster of the Illinois Central, with headquarters at Clinton, having charge of the Springfield district. Mr. Cannon was formerly trainmaster at Carbondale, but of late has been in Chicago. He succeeds J. F. Porterfield, who is transferred to the southern district after three years' service.

Mr. Cannon is well known in Paducah.

Cured Lumbago.

A. B. Canman, Chicago, writes March 4, 1903: "Having been troubled with lumbago at different times and tried one physician after another; then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of former sufferers." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

HOTEL ROMANCE.

The Chef Marries Charming Pastry Cook at New Richmond.

Mr. Lee Young and Mrs. Mary Johnson were married at the home of Justice Jesse Young last evening at 7:30 o'clock. Both are employed at the New Richmond Hotel, the groom as general cook, and the bride as pastry cook. The latter was formerly a resident of Livingston county. The groom was formerly employed at the Whitehead restaurant. They will reside at the hotel.

Young has been employed at the hotel but a short time, being with Whitehead, the restaurant man, until a short time ago.

Imperfect Digestion

Means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50 cents a bottle. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

Subscribe for The Sun.

Hayes' Beechwood Emulso-Hypo With Iron

Makes Fat, Strength, Blood, Bone and Muscle.

If you are tired, broken down, despondent, worn out, pale, losing flesh, have no energy, do not feel like rising in the morning for the day's work, you need a bottle of this wonderful medicine. Do you want good rich red blood? Do you want the bloom to come back to the cheek? Are you convalescing after having fever, pneumonia or measles? Then you ought to take a bottle of EMULSO-HYPO. Its medicinal food that reaches every tissue in the body and builds you up. Taken in a little wine its as pleasant as cough syrup.

Read what the editor of the Meridian Star of Mississippi, A. G. Davis, writes under date of April 8:

"My mother took the Emulso-Hypo and has been greatly benefited. She is in better health than she has been in years."

J. W. Russell, county court clerk of Hickman county, Tenn., writes:

"My wife has used several bottles of Emulso-Hypo with iron and has been wonderfully improved. I can conscientiously recommend it for all lung trouble."

Rev. G. T. Sullivan, presiding elder of the Memphis district, writes under date of Dec. 1, 1903:

"My daughter, whose system was very much run down, has been taking year Beechwood Emulso-Hypo with iron, and has improved so much with one bottle I have no doubt by continuance she will be fully restored in her nerve forces. I am delighted with the results and shall continue her on it. Wishing you prosperity, I am, yours truly,

G. T. SULLIVAN.

Shoffner-Hayes Medicine Company

(Incorporated)

Paducah, Kentucky

Sold by all Druggists.

HEALTH AND VITALITY
R. MOTT'S NERVE TONIC
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Pining or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$3 order we guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 boxes for \$5.00. R. MOTT'S NERVE TONIC, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
SOLD BY DUBOIS, KOLB & CO., PADUCAH KY.

WE MAKE OVER COTTON MATTRESSES

ON A

Perfection felting machine. All work if called for in the morning returned in afternoon of same day.

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